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O HEART OF MINE!

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content,
With His own.

For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.—

THE PACIFIC

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WE REJOICE AND SHALL REJOICE.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in Berkeley last Monday there was an utterance over which we rejoice. It was by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, and was made in the discussion of a paper presented by Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary

The paper by Professor Nash was based on an article, in a recent number of the Hartford Seminary Record, concerning the diminishing number of candidates for the work of the gospel ministry. Deterrent causes were set forth, among them being the loss of prestige and influence in the ministry, other and freer fields for Christian service, and the inadequacy of the financial support.

In the discussion which ensued it was evident that the general opinion was that the situation as to the work of the ministry is one which calls for most earnest and prayerful consideration on the part of Christian people.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Brown stated that he did not believe that the problem, as it relates to Congregationalists, would be solved until we have such federation as will make possible the equalization of conpensations. Taking Oakland as an example he said in substance that he could not take from his salary and give to a brother minister to increase his, that his brother would feel insulted; but that justice demands that there be no such inequality in salaries as now exists.

We believe that Mr. Brown has touched one of the points which are pressing upon the church today for a very earnest consideration. While these inequalities, and therefore inadequacies of compensation, continue in the Christian ministry, men are not going to find the work attractive and they are going to do Christian service increasingly in other channels.

Further, it must be stated that the church is already a subject of considerable criticism because it makes and perpetuates these inequalities; and this criticism will increase rapidly in the next few years. It is one of the things on which workingmen are commenting and is having its influence in alienating them from the church. They are saying that as to the church and its ministry as well as in the industrial world there is too much of the spirit expressed in the words "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Pretty severe, isn't it, for an institution which was organized to save men from the grasp of his satanic majesty?

Now, of course, the church doesn't want the devil to take the hindmost. It is seeking to save all. But the expression quoted will serve to emphasize the selfishness which is manifest widely in present day methods of Christian work within the borders of the churches.

It must be admitted, lest the church be too severely discredited, that the people have not to any great extent been conscious of this selfishness, this disregard of their brother's interests. But an awakening has come. New light has been dawning on the world, and in that new light men's consciences are troubling them.

It is a good sign of the times that ministers are beginning to speak out here and there as the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland spoke last Monday. When there shall have been brought about such conditions as will render it unncessary for one minister to work in any city for twelve dollars a week while another gets one hundred and fifty, the church and its ministry will find themselves in place to lead among all classes in the work of transforming the world and making it more and more conformable unto the things which are divine and enduring.

The church needs today to hear and heed the word of the Lord as it came to his people under the old dispensation: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." "Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination to me; new moons and sabbaths, calling of assemblies I cannot away with. Wash you, make you clean, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, champion the fatherless, plead for the widows."

"I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies." "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of the viols. But let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as an ever-flowing stream."

Who will lead in the good work of which this article is suggestive? The great difficulty now in bringing about many of the reforms which are needed for the betterment of conditions is found in the fact that people too frequently find it much easier to preach than to practice. But it is practice that influences. Some one once asked a man under whose preaching he was converted, and his reply was that it wasn't under anybody's preaching, but under his aunt Mary's practicing.

Everywhere today, in the church and in the great world of industry, there are conditions which are glaringly out of harmony with the teachings of Christ; we wonder whether they are to be changed by evolution, by slow and gradual process—for changed they must be—or will God raise up soon some great moral or Christian heroes who, figuratively speaking, or perhaps literally in some instances, will lay down their lives for their brethren?

The world likes to dwell on the story of the Swiss patriot, Winkelreid, who saw the solid line of Austrian spears confronting him and his little band of companions, and who realizing that some one must break the line threw himself upon those spears and by the giving of his own life opened up the way for his brethren to go in and on to victory.

For the uplifting of mankind there are to be fought out in the twentieth century some of the greatest battles in the history of the world; the fighting will not be literally with spear, nor by shot and shell, but from the pulpit and the platform and on the printed page; it will be by the stanch proclamation

and advocacy of the principles and teachings of Jesus and then by the living of them so thoroughly that men who hear and see will be constrained to do likewise.

It will require some heroic sacrifice. Who are they who will throw themselves upon the spears?

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE PACIFIC.

The receipt recently from a reader of The Pacific in New Jersey of a check for $500 gladdened the hearts of all who are most intimately concerned with its management. The gift was unsolicited. It came from a gentleman who lived in San Francisco many years ago, and who has followed the paper in its career of usefulness almost from the date of its first publication. He said in his letter that The Pacific had in early years filled an important place on the coast, that it was still doing a good work and evidently was needed.

This is but one of the many things leading the present writer to the conclusion that what we are trying to do to reestablish The Pacific ought to be done. Eight years ago it was said by some that the plan adopted at that time to keep the paper going could not succeed, that the money could not be raised, and that if it were raised it would not solve the financial problems, etc. And it was confidently expected by some whose interest was weak that the paper would go under in a few months. They exerted themselves in no manner to keep it going; but the plan was carried out, and the paper went on in its course of usefulness for eight years.

Now, when it has been stricken by earthquake and fire, we encounter those who say that the fund which is desired cannot be raised, and that if it is raised, it will not put the paper beyond the point of struggle. We are glad to be able to state that there are the best of reasons for believing that the plans now working for the placing of the paper on a firmer foundation than it has been for many years will be successful. That it will have its struggles in the future is to be expected. Very few of our churches have ever been without their struggles, and we expect the large majority of them to be in somewhat of a struggling condition for years to come. Nevertheless there is no general disposition to abandon them. Our national benevolent societies are struggling to meet the demands which the work they have been called to do is making upon them. This is especially true as to the home and foreign missionary societies. But there is no thought on the part of the men and women who are devoted to the cause of Christ of abandoning the societies. There is a work to be done in and through them, and the feeling is that it must be done. The application of the principle which a few would apply to The Pacific, if applied to our Congregational work in general, would lead to the closing up of two thirds of our churches on the Pacific coast; and if applied to our home and foreign missionary work it would lead to the paralysis of Congregationalism and to its gradual extinction as a force for the advancement of the kingdom of God upon the earth.

The Editor is pleased to say that he returned from his trip to Washington and Oregon with a feeling of encouragement. All that was anticipated was accomplished by the effort that was made in those states. Substantial aid was pledged and movements were started for securing considerable more. Several persons gave their checks for sums varying from $100 to $250; a much larger number, for sums from $5 to $50.

The Editor expects to take the field soon in California for the further prosecution of the plan suggested at the Pacific Coast Congress in Los Angeles. Indifference and lack of interest and sympathy on the part of some are to be expected. But we expect the work to succeed, and to be the basis of something still better in the future. We do not intend to stop in the work until the paper is placed where it can meet the demands which are made of a religious paper in this day and age of the world.

While this field work is being done, and while so much business of one kind and another in the interests of the paper is demanded of the one who edits and manages it, the indulgence of all its readers is asked. Every newspaper man knows that an editor should be so situated as to be able to give his whole attention to the columns of his paper. Under the most favorable circumstances the present editor of The Pacific has never been able to do this. Much more than one half of his time has for the last eight years been given to the business. He has been managing editor, editorial writer, proof-reader in part, and business manager. Now, there has come the additional work of leading in the effort to raise the $10,000 fund.

But in some way there has been strength for all in the past, and the future is with him in whom are the sources of all life.

Of this we are profoundly of the conviction: Pacific Coast Congregationalism can no better afford to lose The Pacific than it can to lose the First Church of Oakland, or the First of San Francisco, or the First of Los Angeles, or the First of Portland, or Plymouth of Seattle, or the First of Spokane.

What is planned now for the rehabilitation of The Pacific must not be allowed to fail. It must in the interest of Christ's kingdom be carried to a successful issue. Perhaps in the evolution of our Congregationalism there may after a few years be devised some better plan for carrying on The Pacific—some plan which would make possible the improvement of the paper. Into whatever plan the future may suggest and bring, the present plan will fit, and it will aid in bringing other arrangements about if anything practical should ever be suggested.

It has been suggested in the past by persons on the coast that the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society take over the paper and publish it. Nothing practical along this line has as yet been suggested. Something may be in the future. When that shall have been every friend of the paper and every friend of Congregationalism and of Christ will give it hearty welcome.

But, if we falter and fail now, we preclude even the possibility of such an arrangement.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE FIRST CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Among the Protestant churches of San Francisco none other is going ahead so courageously and determinedly in the work of rehabilitation as the First Congregational. In all probability by the 1st of December it will be conducting services in a new building on its old site on the corner of Post and Mason, which will have been erected and furnished at a cost of $50,000 or $60,000. An opportune letter a fewweeks

ago, in The Congregationalist, by Dr. Adams, the pastor, on "The Joy and the Task of Rebuilding a San Francisco Church," brought from one man who read it a gift of $5,000. It is significant that this was from Mr. D. Willis James, a Presbyterian, but who as vice-president for several years of our American Board of Missions, has been giving largely to its work. The reception of the letter containing that gift registered one of the joys in the rebuilding of the church as did also the gift from Mrs. Alexander, a generous donor toward the old organ, of $5,000 for a new one; as did also the donation of a small amount by the pastor of a little New England church whose salary is only a few hundred dollars. All indicate that the needs of our stricken city have laid strong hold of the hearts of Christian people everywhere. We rejoice with the pastor and people of the old First Church over the prospect of a speedy return to the old location. For some time there will not be a Protestant church within a mile of them, and with such preaching as Dr. Adams will give from that throne of influence and power, the truly Christian pulpit, much of good may be anticipated therefrom for San Francisco.

They who aid in the rehabilitation of the work may rest assured that they are placing money where it will forever give large fruitage. San Francisco by virtue of its location must always exercise a great influence in the world; on these Pacific shores, especially, that influence will ever be a commanding one; and the First Congregational Church, pointing the way to the abundant life here and hereafter, will start many a soul on its march ever on toward that Infinite Perfection which, on bended knees and with reverent lip, we call God. May its friends be multiplied! And may there be added to its numbers daily such as are being saved.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

At the next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the paper will be by the Rev. B. M. Palmer on the subject "Jesus' Use of Water Baptism."

The Rev. T. J. Bauder, pastor of the church at Ferndale in Humboldt county, has been spending a few weeks about the bay. He reports Congregationalism on the up-grade in Humboldt county. Mr. and Mrs. Bauder return, this week, to Ferndale.

We had intended to have something further in The Pacific this week concerning the trip by the Editor to Oregon and Washington, but the time given to the writing of other articles and to the business has made necessary the postponement of this.

The good work of Mr. and Mrs. Walz in the Fourth Congregational Church of San Francisco goes on. Dr. Adams spoke there last Sunday. At the meeting of the ministers on Monday he paid tribute to the fine work these devoted servants of the Master are doing in that part of the city.

The Congregationalist makes note of the fact which we stated in The Pacific recently that the Methodist Church, South, has here on the Pacific coast a paper fifty-three years old which it has recently increased in size to meet the demands of its constituency, and remarks: "Another reason why the Pacific should be supported in its effort to rally from the trouble brought upon it by the earthquake and fire in San Francisco"

The Rev. George H. Lee, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Batavia, Ohio, a faithful Congregational worker in Oregon and Washington for sixteen years, writes us as follows: "I must keep up with my dues to our Pacific whose struggles during the past four months have had our earnest sympathies, and whose appearance now is much improved. What a fine copy is this just received—the issue of August 30! And what a fine poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the cover! I must copy that for other eyes and ears."

The Rev. H. V. Rominger, a frequent contributor to the columns of The Pacific several years ago, and who is now financial field agent for Fargo College in North Dakota, writes that he needs The Pacific so as to keep in touch with things on the coast. He says: "I believe in the Pacific coast, earthquakes thrown in, and sooner or later I purpose to return there and live out my last days. You will be recovering from the earthquake in a short time, and in the new and larger development you will forget the past in the better future. All hail the Golden West."

An interdenominational conference of great value will be held in Oakland from the 15th to the 18th of October. Mr. Robert E. Speer, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, will be the principal speaker. Mr. William Shaw, the treasurer of the National Christian Endeavor Union, and Dr. John Willis Baer, of world-wide fame as a Christian Endeavor worker, now president of Occidental College, Los Angeles, will also give addresses. Able speakers from different points on the coast have been secured and every phase of foreign missions will be considered. A similar meeting was held three years ago at which more than 2500 persons registered attendance. A large attendance is expected at the conference next month.

Several persons on the coast are planning to attend the meeting of the American Board at North Adams, Massachusetts, next month. Mr. J. L. Barker and daughter, Miss Gertrude, of Berkeley, are already on the way thither, taking in Yellowstone Park on their way East. It is especially pleasing to their many friends that they should be so privileged as to be in attendance at this meeting at which will be celebrated the 100th anniversary of the haystack prayer meeting out of which sprang our foreign missionary work. Miss Barker was for several years a missionary in India and Mr. Barker has long been a very generous contributor to the foreign work. It is also gratifying to the present writer and to many others to learn that Mrs. Mills of Mills College has asked the Rev. R. C. Brooks of Pilgrim Church, Oakland and college pastor at Mills to be her guest on a trip East which has for its main purpose attendance at the meeting. Glad are we that Mrs. Mills' life of usefulness on this coast has been so extended as to take in this haystack prayer meeting anniversary, and to give our friend and Christian brother the pleasure of it also. And Dr. McLean, president of our theological seminary, is going also. For almost

a quarter of a century he stood at the head of the First Congregational Church of Oakland and led it out in far reaches of influence all along our coast and out across the waters of the Pacific. How fitting that he too should go to Williamstown where this missionary spirit had the remarkable rebirth of an hundred years ago. From the North will go the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene, who for twenty years has labored most faithfully in the work of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society in Washington and whose brother the Rev. Dr. D. C. Greene has for several decades given himself without reserve to missions in Japan. The Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith and wife who during the last half dozen years have given so devotedly of themselves and their means for the upbuilding of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, will be among the favored number. The land to the South of us will be represented by our devoted educator, President Gates of Pomona College, to whom has been assigned the giving of the annual sermon. Another who goes is the Rev. H. Melville Tenney, the Pacific Coast secretary of the American Board whose earnest work during the last three years has greatly advanced the cause of foreign missions among us. Perhaps there are others who are planning to go. We do not know. But to all we extend congratulations and hope that not a little of the inspiration which shall come to them on this great occasion may be imparted on their return to the people of the coast.

WHERE HIS INTERESTS LAY.

Some Experiences by the Way.

Pleasant acquaintances may be made during a journey on the cars. Let me particularize. A few casual remarks made to a gentleman, waiting for the first breakfast call, led to an exceedingly interesting conversation. He said he was born in Ohio; that most of his life was spent in hard work, and that now he is seventy-three years old. The last twenty years, he remarked, have been sucessful financially. Now, his home is in Los Angeles, where he has lived five years. All the interests, of that "City of Angels," are his. He is proud of its wonderful achievements, and full of assurance for its future, as all loyal citizens of the Southern metropolis are. An increase of population, of one hundred thousand in five years, seemed to justify his words of praise of the city's vigorous growth. A whole river, about to be turned into the reservoirs of the city, makes protection from fire possible and insures beauty in abundance, for that land of flowers. One million spent in this great work, and twenty more to follow, from the purse of the city and the treasury of the Federal government, is the financial plan being carried out.

"But," said he, "I do not invest all my hopes in one city, or a single interest I have investments in Seattle also." He then spoke glowingly of the "Sound City." He seemed to be as conversant with its marvelous growth and shining prospects as of Los Angeles. A tract of seven acres of land five years ago adjoining the city, now well within the coporate limits, calls him North, that he may plat it out and put it on the market. "Seattle has a great future before it, and investments there are safe," he said, with the accent of a man who knew he was looking on the gleam of gold,as the outcome of wisely made investments. As he praised the two cities, one was at a loss to know where his interests lay.

Perhaps, from the force of habit, being something of a moralist in my way. I wondered if this was all my new made friend's prospects; if all his hopes were vested in earthly values. The wonder soon changed into a wish, and that in turn into a purpose to discover, if possible. I said: "What is the very best thing you have secured in your long and active life?" After a moment's thought, during which a great change came over the expression of his face, he said, and the change entered his voice also, for it had now a deeper and richer tone, "Through all my life and since a boy of fourteen, I have had a deep interest in the things of the gospel of Christ." From that moment and during an hour's conversation, that followed, he gave evidence that he was now on the theme that lay nearest his heart. Personal love for Christ; great joy in the spiritual power of his own local church; thorough appreciation of the growth of the kingdom; hearty endorsement of the efforts of our "American Borad" to secure a Million for Foreign Missions, and thankfulness that he was able to have a share in that Million, all, discussed with a quiet deep eloquence, showed that here lay his most sacred interests. I was glad I had the conversation with him. I was made sure that many men whom we meet by the way, and from whom we draw only worldly sentiments, have, lying deeper in their souls, sentiments purer, richer far, and eternal in their values, if we could but wisely prevail upon them to discuss these matters.

It seemed very different with another man with whom I had some talk, a little later. He was a civil engineer. As we wound along in our journey, following the Sacramento river to its source, some one remarked, so that we overheard, "How beautiful this is!" Most of those present assented. He, with whom I talked, said, "I have but one thought when I pass such a stream as this—**the power going to waste.**" I suggested that such a stream was eloquent also to speak to some hearts of the stream that "makes glad the city of our God." He replied in words, and with an expression, that seemed to say, "No Thoroughfare," and very soon thereafter he remarked, "I guess I'll go into the observation car and have a smoke." His interests all lay in material forces, and in worldly values. So from the mountain top with the man of large spiritual experiences, I went down into the valley, to find a poor child of my heavenly Father, possessed with such a spirit as "goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting." "DELL."

THE CHURCH PAPER IN THE FAMILY.

No church official or lay member is creditable to her altars and faithful to her vows who can and does not read her church papers. Nor is he faithful to his family if he leaves them to the mercy of the secular press. The overworked and shutin wife and mother, the daughter verging into the whirlpool of social life, the son into the maelstrom of business, and the younger one in the inexperienced hands of the isolated teacher, are unsafe without this helper. It is cause for serious self-examination for a man to have in some paper a counsellor for his business, another for his politics, another for his literary diversion, another for his children's culture, and none for his religion. It is like practicing self-denial by use of tainted and deteriorated atmosphere, which is more a

charge upon his sanity than a credit to his heroism. It certainly looks as if he thought lightly of the church whose pulpit brought him to Christ and whose altars he trusts to help him to heaven. Dr. Broadus said of such a man; "His conduct indicates a lack of interest in religious things, which is painful in any case, and in those who profess to be Christians, alarming."—Rev. Charles F. Evans, in January Review.

A GREAT BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Chancellor James R. Day, LL. D.

We live in a choice age. There never has been a sublimer arena since creation than that which awaits the young man and young woman today. I am not an optimist with regard to the times, but I do not believe in the impending crash of all things good and great which some men think they see.

After admitting all that is bad and listening to the mutterings of every storm threatening in our widely expanding skies, our times are the grandest times this world has ever known. Men never were more capable of vast achievements, never more universally thoughtful. I believe in men, not all men, but in the average man.

We are multiform—more so than men ever have known. In this regard we differ decidedly from the epochs which have preceded us. Other periods of human history are more like the earlier formations of our earth; our's resembles the later upheavals and intersections. In the structure of our earth we recognize great creative epochs, and that there was a time when the periods were regularly tabulated on the rocky strata. Each formation was marked and distinctly defined with stratigraphical characters. There was order from foundation to summit and every layer was recognizable from Laurentian to Pliocene. But the evidences are that at later periods there were eruptions in many parts of the earth which resulted in a confusion of these epochs, and now we have instead "the formations horizontal, vertical, inclined, contorted and undulating, and the older is frequently superimposed on the more recent." So that the near surface of our modern earth contains fragments of every formative period. Among them and over them the husbandman drives his plow, little thinking perhaps that his beautiful earth, with its valleys and hills, its enameled meadows and castellated mountains, is the contribution of all ages.

So has it been with human history. There have been well-defined ages with their lines of demarcation sharply defined and their character made distinct by some one thought or movement or phase of human progress. We have had the stone age and the iron age and the ages of bronze and brass. And there have been ages in architecture and ages of literature and ages of art and ages of philosophy, each of a peculiar type and each with its own and appropriate name. There have been ages ancient, medieval and modern, and men have marked the time when many of these periods began and when they ended, as we calendar the weeks of the year. But when you come to inquire about our age, it is like the superficial structure of the earth that is composed of all the creative periods. It is the cumulation of all the times.

All ages have been thrown up into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and we are living in the unifacts, forms and fancies of other continents, of other people, of other ages.

The same is true of our arts and many of our inventions. They are contributed often by other ages, and we evolve them.

This is an explanation of the conflict of our times, and all kinds of theories, professions and claims. Inventions praised and inventions jeered; philosophies accepted as practical and philosophies pitied as chimerical; religion venerated and religion branded as the reproduction of forms of superstition; men called original and more men accused as imitators, as men may or may not discover the old in the new form. But if our times are made up of the olden times, we put our mark on the age so indelibly that the thought, the distinctive character of these times will be borne down to the latest limit of human existence, and our times will be an epoch in the world's gray centuries.

We live in a land and a time of great possibilities. Our impatient, energetic life renders some things impossible. We do not take the time to do patient, plodding work.

We sparkle like wine. We lack the deep, broad channel of the patient river. Our times will scarcely permit that yet. Push and eagerness make our school curricula a summer day, and hurry our students out of their novitiate into the spheres of active, crowded life before the spring morning of character has fairly budded. Our apprentices are turned out workmen in three years. Our brothers across the waters work seven. Our student is a savant in four years. Our cousins over the waters study half a lifetime preparatory to some one work that shall occupy the next half of his life.

In our chase for the West, we forget the sun rising. With our faces against the mountain of our endeavor, we lose the lessons of a mighty past. We suffer in this regard. We gain also. We can let antiquarians sit in the dust and knock the mortar off the old bricks and clear away the rubbish, since we are permitted with clicking trowel and hopeful hearts to rear the lofty walls of a new civilization of symmetrical and astonishing proportions.

Our physical achievements, our inventions, our useful arts are conquered with spirit force.

We use the forces that sent the worlds forth upon their eternal pilgrimages and kindled the fires of the unfading stars and set the seas to throbbing with their mighty, ceaseless heart-beats and lifted mountain ranges across continents. Man stands now with hand on the lever, and, with steam at his command, he rushes away across seas or lands with a whole community of fellow-beings committed to his trust.

Amazing forces! Man is filled with gaping wonder over his own works. It is the gods whom he has enslaved and set them grinding at his mills. He gazes at them at their toil with ever unanswered queries upon his countenance. Heat, light, electricity, immeasurable inexhaustible forces are servants as common as horses. As Emerson has said: "Man has taken the chariot of the sun as a market cart." Over the highways of the gods he sends his beef and wheat to market, and under the electric light mends shoes.

At last we have found and harnessed the forces by which the earth is to be subdued, and in it all have caught a glimpse of the purposes of God in our creation. But to control these forces and for the reduction of the enormous material that has been stored for the building of a new creation, the final civilization, there must be some way of using all of man and all of men.

Instantly it is seen that man cannot act alone; neither in wisdom nor in the application of power is he equal to the development of the earth which he has inherited. There must be co-operation.

You are in an age that compels the combination of mighty men with vast resourses. The individual in physical achievement, except in some solitary places, reached and passed the zenith of his independent endeavor half a century ago. To try to recover him and restore him to his place as in the days of small things is to make a fatal mistake in reading the signs of the times.

The forces of today are too mighty to be directed by the prescience of one man—forces with which God built the universe which have been put into the hands of men.

Great co-operative interests are not the product of human avarice nor of grinding indifference to popular rights. The very laws of nature by which we use steam and lightning and chemical and vital forces have made them. They are the results of the movement of a law with phenomena as unmistakable as any law in nature.

The application and control of these mighty forces over such tremendous areas and for such amazing results is impossible to the individual. He may discover them, but men of supreme executive ability and capital must come in and develop them.

No one can study our country, to say nothing of the world to every part, of which we are now vitally and intimately related, and not see in vast corporate endeavors a simple and plain proportion. They belong to the logic of events. Consider our vast territory, its tremendous resources, its natural obstacles to be removed, the engineering to penetrate mountain ranges and bridge impassable caverns, the machinery of fabulous cost, the artisans and laborers massed in single enterprises by tens of thousands, the executive ability employed in plans and their execution that makes emperors and kings appear small in comparison, and it may occur to you that perhaps we may have problems in these things worthy of sober statesmanship.

It is the corporation that has assembled the material, furnished the capital in great banks, financial trusts and projected enterprises that make the thrift of the country and give employment which individuals or small companies could not have done. The corporations which we sometimes thoughtlessly curse are the workingman's best friend.

That there are evils to be guarded and evils to be corected, and that there are some imperfect adjustments that fail of the largest results to the greatest number, and that do injustice to some interests, no one will dispute. Its limits cannot be defined as an engineer lays out streets and highways.

The wisdom that guides these vast concerns must be as great as the age and the corporate interests represented. Our tremendous industrial movements have grown faster than our legislative wisdom. There must be statesmanship of the first magnitude, than which none has been greater than that in our country, which shall address itself to the most arduous study of the most important physical and commercial problems the world has ever known.

Interests of such vast extent, and that move by their momentum so irresistibly through long-established conditions, in many cases overthrowing smaller enterprises, with all the deep personal interest as well as the commercial profit that attaches to them, are sure to be thought tyrannical, ruthless, grasping—the veritable octopus or pitiless dragon of avarice. The railway was oppressive when it set aside the stage-coach. But the stage driver became the train conductor.

It must be our wisdom to guide such momentum with the least harm in the changed commercial order to both the greater and lesser interests. It should be our first business to come to a just appreciation of the place of corporations in this country, their proporionate relation to the age, their logical necessity to us, that we may not fight institutions in which the material interests and welfare of all of the people are invested.

Surely, it must not be assumed that the hundreds of thousands of men in this country who represent its billions of investments and its corporate commerce are traitors to mankind upon whom war of extermination must be made. They are not buccaneers and marauders.

And it is a thing altogether perilous at a time of such disturbed conditions with regard to government and property and social state to sow carelessly to a whirlwind of suspicion and hate, the forming of which is already far above the horizon.

If we cannot govern ourselves intelligently by our representatives, our government will follow the slippery downward path of all oligarchies. Men who represent us in the judiciary and in legislative halls must be protected by public sentiment in absolute independence of their representative character which is secured to them by law, accountable to no one except to those who have sent them to be their representatives. And they must be protected in disagreement sometimes with the executive and those whom they represent, as have some of the notable men of the past and present, until such time as they may be permitted to account to their constituents. A thousand times better continue a man in office who does not represent you upon some matters, but who has the courage of his honest convictions, which compels him to differ and to so vote, than a man whose agreement is servile either to the executive or to you.

Today a great Congressman in Maine is threatened with defeat and threats are muttered against a Congressman of this State because they refuse to hand over their representative responsibility from the people to the administration. All honor to men with "the spirit of '76."

They are representatives of the people, and not of the executive, and by such representatives alone do the people have a voice in the government. When Senators and Representatives receive orders from the executive, when appeals to popular passion are made to force them to action to which their sound judgment and honest convictions are opposed, the government by the people and for the people becomes a misnomer and a deception. In that hour we are a monarchy without a name.

It is to be hoped that we are not so dazed and daft by an office that has grown great with our greatness that it may be permitted to set aside courts, Senates and Congresses.

If it is thought by some of you that conditions do not justify our fears, I refer you to the threatened fate of Congressmen who have dared to be true and brave in their representative character. Read an editorial of May 30th from our morning paper. Speaking approvingly of a recent message by which a great

corporation was arraigned on entirely ex parte testimony, it says of that message: "The Senate on that occasion needed the strongest kind of stimulus to cause it to take favorable action upon the rate bill and the free alcohol bill!" Why should our Senators be forced beyond their own convictions in a given case?

A pressure was brought by a message the purpose of which the Senators instantly understood, and which evidently was intended to appeal to long prepared prejudices of the people. If we are a republic, why should men of Senatorial dignity and long experience in both the House and Senate in most instances, be coerced by the arousing of popular passion, be forced to action which many of them condemned, by throwing among them the odors of a yellow press and turning upon them the riotous shouts and unreasoning hate and prejudice. This is a most dangerous stimulus.

Is this the method of legislation to which this great nation has descended? Is this a new and better way to make our laws?

We have drifted from our moorings, so far that men on both sides of the ocean are taking notice and remarking the fact. The anchor chain has been run out dangerously far. It has not been run out for safety. It has been allowed to slip carelessly. It must not be put to greater strain.

The people must awaken to the danger that threatens representative government. Our courts must be kept inviolate. Our Senators and Congressmen must be respected in their representative character as embodying in themselves the people, who alone have the right to make laws without let or hindrance, and all men must have the right of trial by jury and must not be condemned upon ex parte statements, abhorrent to every sense of justice, and in violation of our civil liberties.

We need calm confidence and eternal vigilance as never in any crises through which we have passed.

We need, therefore, as never before, men who are conservatives and conservators insomuch that they may have that statesman mind which "hopeth all things" until such time as by sound wisdom and discretion they may help to bring to pass "that which is perfect."

We must magnify faith in God and confidence in men and love for the poor that men may have something to put over against the evil, the wretched and desolate conditions that will always abide in the world. It does not help people to make them believe that they could profit if other men were made poor or that a mob could rule itself if a king were killed.

Every man must set himself against the class and mass spirit. They are the words of the demagogue. Nothing promotes that spirit like attacks upon people in their prosperous conditions by the denial of property rights or of these conditions which are made by the very law of human being.

One cannot tolerate the thought that working people of sober thrift and moral habit and cleanliness are to be considered a class, a proletary. This is abhorrent to the genius of our liberties and our democracy.

The rich must have the undisputed possession of their lawful wealth. There can be no safe limit to lawful acquisition by direct legislation or sequestration of fortunes by taxation any more than there can be of knowledge, and men will differ in these particulars as one star differs from another star. And the man who toils with his hands must have a wage that will secure to him the sanitary comforts of his home, the education of his children, the self-respect of his family and the courage and hope that make man a useful member of society. The rich who refuse in coal mine or contract or corporation to give a share of gains that will secure such results to sober workingmen are not only opposing a sound citizenship, but they are cheapening the quality of their own serviec. They are degrading manhood, essential to their business, and blunting the sensibilities of the skilled artisan and mechanic. They are shortsighted enemies of themselves.

We reverse estates too often in this country to indulge in the nonsense of caste.

We have fallen into a scandal mongering epoch. The foul harpies of slander have created a condition and all of the civilized world is nauseated at the thought of us. Nearly every great business has been assailed. It has cost us millions of money and the respect of mankind. It will and should cost us our self-respect if we do not burn out with the caustic of a hot indignation this sore of slander.

This is the epoch we are in. Nothing is right. Everything is wrong. Everybodv is bad except the accusers. Everybody seems to be on the verge of being drawn into the filth and slime of defamation or the deadly fire damp of suspicion. Committees are sent out to bring back shocking things, and if they come back without them others are sent with more sensitive olfactories. Those whose judicial temperament unfit them for hysteria are threatened with dismissal or branded as remiss in duty. The people who wait for both sides of the case are tools of the trusts.

How long can a nation endure such a condition of things? It threatens the stability of all forms of business and creates universal distrust. Shall we publish to the world that we have no courts for the correction of evils, but that we must leave such things to the magazine writers and the makers of sensational literature and the investigation of smelling committees, who are seeking things to condemn, and to special executive messages to be read by all nations while the protesting voice of the accused for justice is overwhelmed and drowned in the roar of a popular fenzy and sentence is pronounced by the ex parte verdict of the press.

This epoch of scandal mongering will stand to our shame and to mark that strong spasmotic frenzy which seizes people in most unaccountable ways—something akin to that which causes panic when people throw aside will and reason and courage and destroy themselves when some danger is exaggerated by an excited shout of alarm.

Our hope is in the solid, sober, Christian substratum of intelligent thinking which ever has been and ever will be the security of our institutions and the hope of our land.

God has the making of us as a people, and in God we will put our trust and we will as we must,if this mightv fabric holds together, have confidence in men.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon any one, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be, if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W.R. Nicoll.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—Special evangelistic services are planned to begin about October 1st. An evangelist and a singer have been secured.

Fruitvale.—There has been a net gain of 50 in the membership since Mr. Palmer began his pastorate in this church. At a recent meeting a substantial increase in the salary was voted.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The repairs on the church building, which will cost about $3,500, have been begun. This church received $1,000 from the fund in aid of our churches. About $800 have been raised in the parish. An indebtedness will be incurred for the present for the balance.

San Francisco, Olivet.—The attendance and growth have been considerable during recent months. The church must enlarge or diminish. The Disciples of Christ, or "Christians" plan to build a $20,000 edifice only a block away; the Methodists one for $25,000 four blocks distant. Olivet needs $500 for enlargement. Can raise only a part of it on the field.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The heart of the pastor was gladdened by five persons who came not long ago from Fort Worth, Texas, going to him last Sunday and stating that they wished to unite with the church. A good many people have been moving into that part of the city, but very few are Congregationalists or inclined that way. Many are Jews or Catholics.

Pasadena, West Side.—The pastor of the West Side Congregational Church, Rev. John Andrew Holmes, has just returned from his vacation spent in the East. He has visited his parents, preached in his first church at Toledo, Iowa, spoken to the Chautauqua Assembly at that place, which he founded during his pastorate there, and occupied the pulpits of the First Church of Kansas City, St. Mary's Avenue of Omaha, and the Second of Oak Park. While a large proportion of the members of the church are still away at the beaches and in the mountains, the work of the year is opening up most auspiciously. During the two years and a half of the present pastorate the membership of the church has nearly doubled and the home expenses and missionary gifts have increased in nearly the same proportion. An encouraging feature of the work is the "Barathea Society" organized last spring by the pastor, which consists of young men and women, who meet every Monday evening. A part of the evening is given to a half hour lecture by the pastor; this year on the life of Christ. The constitution of the society is novel and the list of officers includes the Chief Ruler, Rabbi, Musician, Hustler, Penman and Banker with the second of each. A Christian Endeavor tennis court has been established. The church has just adopted "Hymns of Worship and Service."

A SCHOOL WITHOUT A HOME.

Not a "man without a country" but worse. Eighteen months ago a Sunday-school was organized in South Berkeley in an old laundry building. The only Sunday-school west of Grove St. from Berkeley Park to West Berkeley. Each Sunday emphasizes the value of it to the children who attend with regularity and increasing appreciation. The earthquake and fire that left so many homeless and destroyed so many business houses, created such a demand for buildings, that everything was rented. The laundry

building became a candy manufactury, and the school had to make way for commerce.

Contrary to custom, and the rule of the board of education, the school house was granted for a month. The month passed and the school undaunted, rather than disband, held its meetings on the steps of the school house. The picture represents the school in session—about 45 of them.

Since meeting on the steps of the school house, four children, and one teacher have united with the church.

The rains will soon be here and the school will be dissolved, if some place is not provided to house them. We can hardly afford as Congregationalists to allow that to occur. What is needed is enough money to buy a lot and put up a house. One thousand dollars will do it.

The membership of the school is between 50 and 60. What shall it be? A school with a place to meet, where the youth may learn of Him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," or no school and no place?

It is said that the tusks of no fewer than 50,000 elephants are used annually for piano keys. This includes the piano-making industries all over the world.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Fiftieth Annual Meeting will be at San Jose, October 2-5. First session, Tuesday at 1 o'clock p. m.

Each church is entitled to two delegates. Those having at least 300, 400, or 500 are entitled respectively to one, two and three additional delegates. In order to secure one and one-third rates for round trip call on local agent selling you your ticket to San Jose for a one and one-third rate blank. If fifty such rate-blanks are presented at the Association, the special rate becomes effective.

Churches in arrears for assessments are requested to forward the amount, (7 cents per member).

H. E. Jewett, Registrar.

THE INLAND EMPIRE LETTER

By Iowerth.

The Rev. Dr. Wallace has closed his labors as pastor of Westminster Church, Spokane, Wash. A large congregation assembled at the church to tender their farewell to him and his family. Rev. H. E. Mills, of Plymouth Church, delivered an address in behalf of the clergy, calling special attention to Dr. Wallace's ability to master difficult problems, and his unfaltering devotion to duty which would make him successful in any line of work which he would choose. He spoke apreciatively of Dr. Wallace's work in the city. Others spoke in behalf of various organizations of the church, and the Doctor was presented with a set of the journals of Lewis and Clark, and Mrs. Wallace with a set of silver salad forks. At the close of the sermon last Sunday morning a series of resolutions were presented and adopted expressing the people's appreciation of the Doctor's services and regret on account of his departure, and wishing him Godspeed in his new field of labor. He goes to his new field, Toledo, O. with the best wishes of a large circle of friends. Dr. Wallace's pastorate of 7 years is the longest this church has ever had, and it has been eminently successful.

The cornor-stone of Spokane's Y. M. C. A. building was laid this week by the officers of the Free and Accepted Masons. Rev. W. J. Hindley, pastor of Pilgrim Churuch was the principal orator. Among other things he said: "In these days with the Bible banished from our public schools, and with our Sunday-schools rapidly becoming a feminine institution, this organization with its many branches of religious work stands as the great supplementary force of the Christian church.' The building is centrally located and is to cost $140,000.

Mrs. Renshaw, the widow of the late Rev. J B. Renshaw, committed suicide at her home in Pleasant Prairie, Wash, recently. She was born and reared at Providence, R. I., and her father was a Congregational minister. She was a woman of brilliant parts and of great faith in her best days.

Mr. Renshaw died suddenly on a Monday morning, after preaching the Sunday preceding at Deer Park a few months ago. Mrs. Renshaw was at her home in Providence, R. I. at the time. After returning to her home in Washington she was very brave and hopeful for a time, but her faith failed her with the result mentioned.

The Corbin Park and Lidgerwood churches, Spokane, are making fine progress under the charge of Rev. John D. Jones. The new edifice a Lidgerwood will soon be ready for occupancy, and lots for a church have been secured at Corbin Park. The work at both points which have become attractive suburbs promises wholesome development.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff and Dr. Richards, representatives of the Church Building Society, are looking over the Spokane field, and Dr. Richards will occupy the pulpit of the First Church next Sunday.

The formal opening of the school year of 1906-7 at Whitman College took place on Tuesday of this week. The opening address was given by Rev. D. V. Poling of The Dalles, the subject being "Life the end of Life."

The dormitories are already filled. It is too early to give the number of students registered.

The Home.

THE ETHICS OF VISITING.

"I never expect to pay another visit, if I can help it,' said a city woman. "I have graduated from that sort of thing long ago. Whenever I go I always go to a hotel, where I can have my own hours and my own times and all the extra service I may need. I do not want guests in my own house and I have done with being a guest in anybody else's."

Some of the women who listened assented to this new independent doctrine. "It tires me dreadfully to make a visit," said one; "and the last guest-room I was in was so elaborately neat that I couldn't take an afternoon nap for fear of disarranging the bed. One afternoon when I couldn't hold out any longer I slept on the floor. You needn't laugh!—if you had seen the guest-room you would have understood that it was no joke to live up to it."

"Well," said a third, "I love to have company staying at my house and I love to visit, too, when I have the time. And I hate hotels. They're a great deal more comfortable than most homes, in a way, and yet they sap one's moral fibre, ruin one's digestion, and haven't any real comfort about them. You talk about living up to a guest-room; but, on the other hand, when one lives down to a hotel-room it is most demoralizing. I find it a moral tonic to be a guest myself," she concluded, with a laugh.

A quiet woman in the corner spoke up. "I always like to have my girls pay visits now and then," she said. "They come home with their manners unconsciously brushed up and with new cake recipes and more consideration for the servants. And I don't think they give much trouble, for I have insisted on their forming, both of them, the habit of reading. A guest that likes to read is very little in the way."

"Don't speak of that," said the first woman, with a shudder. "I have had guests who never read a line, not even the newspaper. Occasionally they wrote letters, but for the most part of every day they were waiting, with open minds, for amusement. One distant relative, who stayed with me two weeks and wrote only three letters, left me on the verge of nervous prostration. I think that everyone who ever expects to go visiting should wear a placard plainly inscribed: 'I can read.'"

"Why not have a diploma?" said the second woman. "A trained guest would be a charming form of

the girl graduate. 'This is to certify that Miss——— is fond of reading, and can read aloud pleasantly; can and does carry on a large correspondence; is fond of passing an hour or so every day in her own room; has a healthy appetite for ordinary food—' "

"Yes, indeed, that ought to be part of the training," broke in the third speaker; "the last girl that visited my daughter was the only child of wealthy parents, who let her own fancy control her eating. She made her meal-times most melancholy affairs. 'Thank you, I never eat it,' was her almost invariable reply to every dish offered. She did eat pastry and entrees, but that was all. And one visitor last year, an older woman, and really charming in other ways, was on a diet to reduce her flesh. We are not a fat family, but we seemed to have all the things on our diet list that were forbidden to her. I was afraid for a day or two—before I ciphered out just what to give her that she would eat—that she would starve. Henry said the truest kindness was to let her starve anyway, for nothing reduced flesh so quickly. But that was just his nonsense. I am sure I lost a pound myself that fortnight worrying over my menus. But do go on with your diplomas; I ought not to have interrupted."

"Cheerfulness should be a part of the graduating course," said the diploma-maker, thoughtfully, "and an ability to play games and an inability to have headaches. A guest with a headache is a Christian martyr if she does not show it; and if she shows it and gives up, it casts a gloom. Absolute punctuality and order are necessary, of course. An unpunctual guest is enough to turn any hostess'hair gray in short order."

"In short, your graduate must be perfection itself," said the quiet woman. "How many diplomas do you thing could ever be given? Only angels in human form could hope to win them.

"There's the beauty of visiting," said the woman who had first asserted her belief in it, "and that is why I call it a moral tonic. The endeavor to be a charming guest brings into play all the unused muscles of character, so to speak, and develops them immensely. Many a victorious struggle against selfishness is made in a guest-room which never could have happened in a hotel; and many a revealing light upon one's defects first dawns through the guest-room window."

"Dear me! what a mutual benefit association it is! Don't let us give up our guest-rooms for a while, anyway!" And amid the laugh which followed the discussion closed.—Priscilla Leonard, in the Interior.

KEEPING HOLD OF THE BOYS.

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms.

The two boys nad their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered one sentence, "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you, dear," she would say; and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as active and self-willed as you often find; but she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I shall pray and work to be patient.
2. I will strive to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God."
3. No matter what happens, I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.

or punish in anger.

4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy; and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not"good form" to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder; he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise, and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal "mother-friend," and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on "How to get hold of the boys," she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intmate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no "charge to keep" half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to the trust? —Christian Work.

The Quiet Hour.

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I race no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Awake, asleep, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone.
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

A PRAYER.

We beseech thee, O God, to save us from an empty profession and mere lip service in the Christian life. We thank thee for the assurance that Jesus Christ is indeed the way, the truth and the life. Help us to accept him sincerely, to trust him fully and to serve him faithfully. Thus may our lives be strong and calm, unshaken by life's tempests, unmoved by the waves of loss and sorrow. Built upon the eternal rock, may we be a refuge and a help to others in distress. Grant that the evidence of Christ's power to save may be so manifested in us that we may be his witnesses continually, and everywhere may men be persuaded that in him alone can true security and perfect peace be found. Amen.

SITTING STILL.

There is an old text in the Bible which says that the way to get strength is to sit still. It is a very true saying, though the scholars have taken much of the old meaning out of the text by their new translations. In these feverish times few know how to sit still and rest. Many take vacations and return from their outings in more need of rest than they were before they left home. Beside the lake or the sea they saw and heard and talked and ate too much, and the vacation was not a recreation. Amusements that were designed to be a diversion were enjoyed to excess, and became a dissapation. Business and pleasure are equally strenuous and exhausting, and thousands seriously need the care of the divine Physician.

Rest for the weary may be found in sitting still, and strength will come with rest. Sitting still would bring back the color to many a faded cheek, and strength to many a fainting heart. The slavery of business and the glare of fashion have blinded the eyes, silenced the voice of conscience and God, and have left the soul like a frail bark on waves that cannot rest. The solace of the divine presence is the only remedy for such a nervous and spiritual wreck. Real recreation can be found for such subjects of care only at the feet of Jesus. In the summer time, sit under the trees and commune with Christ, and in winter, sit by the fire, the Bible not far away, and meditate on his words who promised rest. Sit still at the foot of the cross, and consider Jesus, who meekly, quietly endured so much suffering with such sublime patience and silence.

Do this, and rest and strength of body and soul will be the blessed result. Duty will be a pleasure, and the service of Christ a delight.

THE WORLD WILL BE DEFEATED.

There is no note of alarm in the war-cry of Christendom. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." It is a bold prophecy, but it is a true one.

This world which sin has made and in which sin reigns will be overthrown. Its dominion will fade, its throne will crumble, its armies will be vanquished. The world of evil is doomed. Its power will decay, its good will conquer.

Everything that is wrong will fail. Make up your mind to that.

The defeat of evil may be delayed. The battle may rage through century after century; but God does not get tired. The Eternal is a stranger to weariness. A thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night. Only truth survives. Let us not grow discouraged. Let us not mistake a skirmish for an engagement. We look at a blackened, blasted stalk and forget the waving fields of golden grain that billow the limitless prairie. Let us have the faith of the prophet who said: "The thing was true, but the time appointed was long."

Evil has only a temporary lease. Its years are numbered. This world built on caste and greed and lust and violence; this world of injustice, debauchery, and despotism has got to go. The fiat of Omnipotence has gone forth against it. Everything that is wrong will fail.

"Right is right, as God is God."
"And right the day will win."

As you line up in this fight, remember that. If you want to be on the winning side, fall in behind the cross and fight for the right.

Young People.

A BOY WHO DID HIS BEST.

A country's defenders are not all among those who march away to war, for many serve at home. The following anecdote by the Southern Presbyterian tells of a small boy in Revolutionary times who bravely did his best:

Luke Varnum lived in a small village among the Green Mountains. He was fifteen years old, and was lame in his left foot. So when every other boy and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join General Stark and fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke was left behind. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieutenant Chittenden to mount, and then he had to stay at home with the babies and women.

The company had gone an hour and a half, more or less, when three men galloped up on horseback. Luke went down to the rails to see who they were.

"Is anybody here?" asked one of them.

"Yes," said Luke, "I 'm here."

"I see that," said the man, laughing.

What I mean is, is there anybody here who can set a shoe."

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows, and I can hold a horse's foot. Anyway, I will start up the fire."

So Luke went to the forge, and built a fire. He hunted up a half dozen nails, and even made two more. When the shoe was made fast, he said: "Tell Jonas that I lit up the forge, and put on the shoe."

"We will tell him," said the colonel laughing; and he rode on. But one of the other horsemen tarried a minute, and said: "Boy, no ten men who left you today have served the country as you have done. That is Colonel Warner."

And when we read how Colonel Warner led up his regiment just in time to save the day at Bennington, we can think of Luke Varnum, who helped his country in no small way.—Southern Presbyterian.

THE BROOK'S WORK.

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings, and paused to listen to the voices all around.

"There is work to do," whispered the trees, as they rocked their leaf buds in their cradles.

"There is work to do," chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

"There is work to do," hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

"There may be work for me to do," said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little waterwheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer, and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water wheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leafboats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, "Dear River, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.—Cora E. Harris.

HOW THE TWO MONKS QUARRELED.

Two old monks, so the story goes, lived in a nice, dry, comfortable cave, and their names were Brother Hilarius and Brother Boniface. Most of their time they spent in praising God, and, for the rest, they for the most part smiled all the summer and laughed all the winter. They loved Christ and they loved each other, and such love always makes for happiness.

But one day Brother Hilarius got tired of being good. Like certain boys and girls when they also have behaved for a long time, he wanted a change. So he remarked to Brother Boniface, "I say, let's be naughty."

Brother Boniface looked serious, for he did not half like the idea, but at last he consented, and asked, "How can we manage it?"

"Well," said the other monk, "let us have a quarrel. There is nothing worse than a real row."

"Yes," went on Brother Boniface, "but what can we quarrel about?"

"Well," came the answer, "I can't pull your hair, for you haven't got any. And I can't steal your food, for you always want me to eat yours as well as my own. But I have it! You see that white stone over there? You say it's yours, and I'll say it's mine, and so we'll get up a squabble."

"All right," said the other monk, only you must begin, and perhaps," he added with a smile, "it'll come to a fight." And he clenched his fist behind his back, for when Brother Boniface was a boy at school there had on one occasion been a fight and—but that is telling.

Brother Hilarius scowled, and looked ugly and black, and Brother Boniface did the same, and neither of them seemed the least like the good, kind man he really was.

Then Brother Hilarius pointed to a large white stone, and said gruffly, "Understand, that stone is mine, and if I catch you sitting on it, I shall crack your bald pate with it."

Such fierceness made Brother Boniface jump, and he said with amazement, "I beg your pardon, my dear brother."

"Don't call me 'dear,'" was the rough reply. "Understand, that white stone is mine. Do you deny it?"

At this Brother Boniface could hardly breathe, but he managed to stammer out, "Your stone, is it?"

"Yes," shouted the other monk, "my stone, and, mind you, it belongs to me, and I'm going to have it."

"Well," faltered Brother Boniface, "of course it's yours, my friend. And if you wait a minute, I'll find you another, and you can have two."

Then they both burst out laughing, and Hilarius said: 'I'suppose we must give it up. It takes two to make a quarrel, and you are such an amiable old rascal that you won't disagree." And they were good and happy ever afterwards.

Who knows the moral of this tale? If you were never to quarrel, could the other child ever quarrel with you? And which pleases Jesus Christ the more, the disagreeable, selfish boy or girl, or the lad or lass who is always good tempered and amiable? I wonder what Brother Boniface would say?—British Weekly.

THE GAME OF NATIONS.

Here is a funny little feature called "The Game of Nations." It will serve to get the thinking cap on and to furnish a half-hour's entertainment. On slips of paper to be given, each guest writes the questions,

and when returned to the hostess with the correct answers they should be:

1. The Nation from which We Start? Germination.
2. The Nation for Teachers? Explanation.
3. The Nation for Pupils? Subordination.
4. The Nation for Actors? Impersonation.
5. The Nation for Theological Students? Ordination.
6. The Nation for a Political Candidate? Nomination.
7. The Nation for an Unpopular Official? Resignation.
8. The Nation for Pests? Extermination.
9. The Nation for Evil-doers? Condemnation.
10. The Nation Desired by Monopolies? Combination.
11. The Nation Which Indicates a Class? Denomination.
12. The Nation on a Crusade? Carrie Nation.—Ex.

"RICE CHRISTIANS" IN CHINA.

Bishop J. W. Bashford.

China stands today in her attitude toward Western civilization where Japan stood thirty years ago. There is a great awakening in the Chinese empire and thousands of people are inquiring in regard to the Christian way. On the other hand, the very movement toward Christianity threatens the idolatrous practices of the empire and hence has awakened intense opposition upon the part of the conservatives in government and in religion. A letter just received from Rev. Harry B. Caldwell, presiding elder of the Ngucheng District, Foochow Conference, shows that in the oldest conference in China the Chinese inquirers are by no means free from persecution.

A family of twelve in a village near Hokchiang City has recently embraced the Christian faith. This means that the family must cease to contribute to the worship of idols and of ancestors. Some action upon the part of the family has awakened the intense opposition of the clan to which the family belongs, because the members of the clan in their darkness and superstition believe that the idols and that the spirits of the ancestors will be greatly enraged by this neglect of their worship and that the spirits will bring calamity upon the entire clan. Hence the clan has arisen against the family, and turning themselves into a mob, have driven the family from the village. This family was a wealthy one, owning fifteen acres of land, a large farm in China. The mob looted the house and took the crops from the land, and beat severely on four different occasions, members of the family, including the mother, who is old and in frail health. The members of the family were scattered, and at the time Brother Caldwell wrote, the ones whom he had seen did not know where the others were. It is such persecutions as these which test the stuff out of which our Chinese Christians are made. This formerly rich family, now reduced to poverty, will pass through very severe suffering during the winter. But thus far, not a single member of the household has yielded under the fearful pressure brought upon each to return to heathenism. Brother Caldwell writes that he is doing all he can to find and strengthen and encourage the members of the household, and he trusts that they may be sustained during the persecutions through which they are passing.

I could duplicate this lone incident of persecution in China by scores of similar stories. With such incidents as these coming constantly to their attention, the Christian missionaries, who are spending their lives in the empire and who are familiar with the daily struggles of our Chinese converts, can scarcely restrain their contempt for the jaunty globe trotters who touch at Shanghai and Tientsin and return to America to characterize our Chinese converts as "Rice Christians." I am sure that any one who really comes in contact with the struggle beetwen conservatism and progress, and above all, between heathenism and Christianity, will not fail to recognize that it is a struggle between satan and Christ, and that the Chinese who forsake idolatry must pass through the-same fires of persecution which have marked the downfall of heathenism in every land and in every age. If American Christians could realize what their Chinese brothers and sisters must in many cases endure, they would gladly make the contributions necessary to bring the struggle to an early termination and to ensure the triumph of the Master.

American Bible Society,
Bible House, Astor Place, New York.
September 1, 1906.

The visit of Mr. Elihu Root, the Secretary of State, to our sister South American Republics and the meeting of the Pan-American Conference in Rio Janeiro, have awakened a widespread interest in this country in our nearby neighbors. The American Bible Society has been quietly and unobtrusively weaving a bond of interest between these republics and the United States for more than forty years. Last year its forty-four South American representatives visited 1,129 towns and villages in South American and circulated among the people 98,225 volumes of Spanish, Portugese, and other Scriptures. All the this work is under the care of two Agents, one residing in Rio Janeiro and the other in Buenos Ayres.

God's laws are always guide-boards to blessings. The foundation-law is love; and upon that foundation are based all the rest, as instructions to us what to do and what to avoid in order to let God "crowd and crown" our lives with love. He never asks us to give up anything except for the purpose of replacing it with something better,—something that we could not have unless we gave up that which blocks the way. He never asks us to do anything except as a means of laying hold of a blessing that far outweighs the effort demanded. God's laws are gifts, or stepping-stones to gifts. They never prohibit anything but trouble and disaster.—Sunday-school Times.

"Like the star that shines afar
Without haste and without rest,
Let each one wheel with sway
Around the task that rules the day,
And do his best."

A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died, how many remained? Nineteen.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics From Various Sources.

High seas, like highways, means for the public use, and the term is applied to all the sea which is not the property of a particular country. The sea three miles out belongs to the adjacent country.

The most effective position to sleep, for obtaining intellectual rest, according to an eminent physician, is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Failing all this, the body should at any rate, be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with the head low and the feet high is also said to be a remedy for brain troubles and certain internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

A paper published in Kansas City, Kansas, says: "Instead of the city being damaged by the rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law, as charged by some, the opposite is true. The city is being directly benefited in many ways. Real estate values are rising rapidly, and this is partially due to the present moral cleanness of the city. This city today furnishes the unusual spectacle of a metropolitan city of 89,000 people without a saloon, without a gambling den, without a brothel. The majority of the people are satisfied with present conditions, and many new people are coming to the city because of these conditions."

The September Number of the Missionary Review of the World contains many bright, forcible and well illustrated articles. Its richness of information and picturesqueness of detail adapt it to many classes of readers. The present number contains important articles on "The Influences That Are Molding Japanese Thought," by Rev. T. M. McNair, and one entitled "Should We Send More Missionaries to Japan," by Rev. E. H. Jones, both are illuminating. "The Day of Opportunity in China," by Rev. H. G. C. Hallock, calls attention to the many changes, reforms, and openings in recent years. In "Egypt—Dead and Alive," D. L. Pierson gives notes of a recent visit to the land of the Pharoahs, and backs up facts with the camera. Other articles deal with The Druzes of Syria, Medical Missions, Khartum, etc. The Missionary news of the month is unusually full and significant.

Before the recent session of the Ohio Bankers' Association, Mr. M. E. Ingalls, President of the Merchants' National Bank, of Cincinnati, gave a warning concerning the growing extravagance in America. He stated that people are withdrawing their money from savings banks in order to speculate in real estate or industrials, in the hope of greater income. They are no longer content with three and a half or four per cent on their deposits, but are risking investments that promise much more in order to meet the increased cost of inflated living. "It is not a few millionaires only," he said, "but thousands of other people, who have been fortunate by investments or speculaton, who are indulging in all manner of extravagance." To note but a single item, two hundred thousand automobiles are in use at prices averaging two thousand dollars for each machine, an outlay of four hundred millions, besides the cost of maintenance, in the last few years. Mr. Ingalls is of opinion that there must inevitably be a disastrous end to such wild expenditures.

The Simplon tunnel through the Alps, recently completed at a cost of 15,000,000 after more than seven years of labor, is twelve miles and a quarter long. It reaches from Brig in Switzerland to Iselle in Italy. It is the longest railway tunnel in the world, the St. Gothard tunnel, which also cost $15,000, being nine miles and a third in length and the Mount Cenis, which cost $12,000,000, being eight miles long. The digging began simultaneously on both sides of the mountain in November, 1898. In December, 1901, the engineers from the Italian side encountered 120 feet of rotten rock, which kept caving in continually, cost eighteen months' incessant labor to overcome, and retarded the Italian side of the tunnel a year beyond the Swiss end. Then came torrents of moving sand, which swept away the timber supports. Finally hot springs were tapped which flooded the tube and drove out the men for days at a time. The rock through which the tunnel passes is mostly granite. The average rate of progress was twenty feet a day from either side, or forty feet a day in all. The two boring parties met February 24, 1905. The Simplon affords direct communication between Paris and Milan.

Concerning the increased cost of living the New York Commercial says: "The fifth year of the twentieth century found the average wholesale price of commodities of 15.9 per cent above those of the last decade of the nineteenth century, while 1905 itself outdoes 1904 by 2.6 per cent. Comparing the 1905 average prices with the years since 1890 that show the lowest averages in each group of commodities, we find that the 1905 averages show farm products 58.6 per cent. higher than in 1896; food, and so forth, 29.7 per cent. higher than in 1896; clothes and clothing, 22.9 per cent. higher than in 1897; fuel and lighting 39.4 per cent. higher than in 1894; metals and implements 41.8 per cent. higher than in 1898; lumber and building materials 41.4 per cent. higher than in 1897; drugs and chemicals, 24.4 per cent. higher than in 1897; house furnishing goods, 21.5 per cent. higher than in 1897, and articles included in the miscellaneous group, 23.4 per cent, higher than in 1896. In December last prices reached their top limit for 1905, and this for the whole sixteen years. They were then 19.9 per cent. above the average for the ten-year period, 1890 to 1899, 33.7 per cent. above the prices in December, 1894. As to relative fluctuations in prices of raw and manufactured goods, with the single exception of 1893, during the years of high prices, raw commodities were relatively higher than manufactured, and during the years of low prices, with the exception of 1898, raw were lower than manufactured. Curiously enough, and significantly, too, in 1905 the price of every one of the sixteen articles included in the farm products' group was higher than the average price for 1890 to 1899. When we take a look backward over sixteen years, and find that food, clothing, and fuel have so materially advanced, while the cost of production in everything outside of labor has been enhanced by the advances in both implements and important raw materials, the question arises as to what is to become of the man with the fixed salary and the estate with the fixed income."

Booker T. Washington tells the following story of a member of the "po'h" white trash who endeavored to cross a stream by a ferry owned by a negro.

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, " want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Doan you got no money't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But hit done cost you but free cents ter cross de ferry."

"I know, but I haven't the money," insisted the white man.

Uncle Mose was in a quandry, and after a few moments thought, said:

"Boss, I done tole you what. 'Er man what ain't got no free cents am jus' ez well off on dis side of der ribber as on der odder."

"Johnny Simpkins," said the teacher, 'what is it you are fidgeting with?" Johnny did not reply; but the class sneak was ready as usual, with information. "Please, teacher," he said, "it's a pin he's got." "Take it away from him and bring it here," was the next command. And the pin was accordingly brought. There was no more trouble from Johnny until his turn came to read; and then, instead of standing up, the poor little fellow made no sign, except that two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "Why don't you go on with the reading?" cried the much-tried teacher. "If you don't behave better, young man, I shall have to make an example of you." "P-please, ma'am," whispered Johnny, "I—I can't stand up. The pin you took ke-keeps me trousers up."

A devout and religious man is the clergyman of a parish not twenty miles south of Chicago. His congregation was somewhat amused at the singularity of one of his announcements one evening recently, which was as follows:

"Remember our communion services next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning service and the bishop in the evening."

The following little incident occurred in New York City, on Fourth Avenue: Two men, both "star-gazing," were seen wending their way toward each other, one up the avenue, the other down. By some fatality, they collided, with the sad result that one sat down in the gutter, the other went to the wall. Our friend in the gutter picked up his shattered bones, and angrily addressed the other man thus: "Why can't you look where you're going, sir?" "Why can't you go where you're looking, sir?" retorted the other.—Selected.

A New Yorker was visiting in Boston. Seeing a parrot in a cage he asked, "Does Polly want a cracker?" "I require no sustenance from you whatever," replied the Back Bay bird, with hateur.

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